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# ENGLISH BALLAD COSTUME - CONCERT

BY THE

## HARMONY CLUB



Under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Gov.

and Mrs. Beverly Robinson



IN AID OF THE CHARITABLE FUND OF

### St. George's Society



## HORTICULTURAL GARDENS

TORONTO

### Thursday, November 12th

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# PROGRAMME



## - PART I -



### 1. Opening Solo and Chorus        "May Queen"

**Mrs. Torrance and Full Chorus Harmony Club**

SOLO—

With the carol in the tree,  
And the blooming on the lea,  
And the riot of the bee,  
Has my merry reign began—  
And my people one and all  
Shall keep revel at my call  
'Till my faded garlands fall  
At the setting of the son.

CHORUS—

With a laugh as we go round  
To the merry, merry sound  
Of the tabor and the pipe  
We will frolic on the green.  
For since the world began  
And our Royal river ran,  
Was never such a May-day  
And never such a Queen.

I have welcome and relief  
For the lover full of grief;  
How so e'er the winged thief  
In a snare his heart should bind,  
For the April is away  
With her tears for every day,  
And beneath the Moon of May  
Even cruel maids are kind.

CHORUS—

## 2. Solo

## "Simon the Cellarer"

Mr. A. Graham Thompson

Old Simon the Cellarer keeps a rare store,  
 Of Malmsey and Malvoisie,  
 and Cyprus, and who can say how many more !  
 For a cheery old soul is he, a cheery old soul is he.  
 Of Sack and Canary he never doth fail  
 And all the year round there is brewing of ale,  
 Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,  
 While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day ;  
 But ho ! ho ! ho ! his nose doth show  
 How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.  
 But ho ! ho ! ho ! his nose doth show  
 How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.

Dame Margery sits in her own still room,  
 And a Matron sage is she,  
 From thence oft at Curfew is wafted a fume ;  
 She says it is Rosemarie, she says it is Rosemarie.  
 But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair,  
 And the maids say they often see Margery there,  
 Now Margery says that she grows very old,  
 And must take a something to keep out the cold !  
 But ho ! ho ! ho ! old Simon doth know,  
 Where many a flask of his best doth go.  
 But ho ! ho ! ho ! old Simon doth know  
 Where many a flask of his best doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair,  
 And talks about taking a wife ;  
 And Margery often is heard to declare  
 She ought to be settled in life, she ought to be settled in life.  
 But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,  
 And she's not very handsome, and not very young.  
 So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,  
 And Simon he brews him a tankard instead.  
 While ho ! ho ! ho ! he will chuckle and crow,  
 What ! marry old Margery ? no, no, no,  
 While ho ! ho ! ho ! he will chuckle and crow,  
 What ! marry old Margery ? no, no, no.

.3 Solo

"Summer Shower"

Miss Walker

"Oh 'tis nothing but a show'r, but a quarter of an hour,  
 Don't you think you'd better shelter by the chestnut tree,  
 For the wind is blowing sweet, and you've daisies for your feet,  
 And should you care to dance I can pipe," said he,  
 She was going to the town in a fresh print gown,  
 And a dainty colour flies the daintier it be,  
 And the piper's eyes are blue, and he looks her thro' and thro'.  
 And the parson's piping bullfinch cannot pipe as sweet and true,  
 And there's not a bird in June knows such a merry tune,  
 As "Merry, merry, merry in the North Countree,  
 With a hey, my lad, and a play, my lad,  
 And merrily I'll dance to thee!"

Now that little summer show'r must have lasted quite an hour,  
 As I've heard a shower can do in the North Countree,  
 And she'd got a pretty shoe, she lik'd to show it too,  
 But she could not dance for ever, tho' light was she,  
 So she sat her down to rest, and the rose from her breast  
 She gave it him so prettily and oh! so fair was she  
 That the piper blush'd and sigh'd, and he stutter'd when he tried  
 To say something about roses, and I don't know what beside,  
 For she toss'd her dainty head, and started up and said,  
 "Merry, merry, merry in the North Countree,  
 But it's nay, my lad, and its play, my lad,  
 And merrily I'll dance to thee!"

Now that little summer show'r must have ceas'd for quite an hour,  
 As I've heard a shower can do in the North Countree,  
 But if you're in the shade, with a very pretty maid,  
 It cannot matter much what the weather may be;  
 And he must have said his say, for in 'is her fingers lay,  
 As he took a thread of meadow grass and measur'd for the ring,  
 And she look'd him thro' and thro', while he vow'd he'd lov'd her true,  
 Since the day he shar'd her book at church and heard her sweetly sing,  
 And not, any one that June, sang such a merry tune,  
 As "Merry, merry, merry in the North Countree,  
 With away my lad, and astay my lad  
 And I'll live and I'll die for thee, for thee,  
 I'll live and I'll die for thee."



# 4. Double Quartette, "Since first I saw your face"

Misses Birchall, Shanley, Morson and L. Birchall  
Messrs. Cronyn, Hallowell, Whitney and Dunstan

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd  
To honor and renown you;  
If now I be disdain'd,  
I wish my heart had never known you.

What, I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,  
Shall we begin to wrangle?  
No, no, no! my heart is fast  
And cannot disentangle.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,  
Rejecteth no beholder,  
And your sweet beauty, past compare,  
Made my poor eyes the bolder.

Where beauty moves, and wit delights,  
And signs of kindness bind me,  
There, O there! where'er I go,  
I leave my heart behind me.

# 5. Solo "I cannot say Good Bye"

Miss Marie C. Strong

I know 'tis now the hour to part,  
For even' draweth nigh,  
But love rebels within my heart,  
I cannot say "good-bye!"  
I cannot say "good-bye!"

Afar I see the silver moon,  
Swift rising in the sky;  
Alas! that she should come so soon,  
To tell us moments fly.  
I cannot say "good-bye!" my love,  
I cannot say "good-bye!"

I would the day could never fade,  
That night could never fall,  
For O, the rays of even's shade,  
Must moments sad recall,  
Must moments sad recall.

face"

I hear the bird's soft vespers sing,  
 On yonder hawthorn tree ;  
 O, why should they the mem'ry bring,  
 That I must part, must part from thee ?  
 I cannot say "good-by!" my love,  
 I cannot say "good-by!"

## 6. Solo & Chorus - "The Roast Beef of Old England"

Capt. Geddes and Full Chorus Male Voice and Harmony Club

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,  
 It enobled our hearts, and enriched our blood,  
 Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.  
 O ! the Roast Beef of old England !  
 And O ! for old England's Roast Beef !

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,  
 And kept open house, with good cheer all day long,  
 Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song—  
 O ! the Roast Beef of old England !  
 And O ! for old England's Roast Beef !

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,  
 Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,  
 The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.  
 O ! the Roast Beef of old England !  
 And ! for old England's Roast Beef !

## 7. Solo & Chorus - "Home, Sweet Home"

Mrs. Beverly R. Ineson and Full Chorus Harmony Club

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !  
 A charm from the skies seem to hallow us there,  
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere ;  
 Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
 There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain ;  
 Oh ! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again ;  
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,  
 Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer than all.  
 Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
 There's no place like home !

Bye"

## PART II



1. Trio        "Ye Shepherds, Tell Me"

Messrs. Brodrick, Plummer and Armour

Ye Shepherds, tell me, tell me have you seen, have you seen  
My Flora pass this way?  
In shape and feature beauty's Queen,  
In pastoral, in pastoral array.

A wreath around her head, around her head she wore—  
Carnation, lily, lily, rose,  
And in her hand a crook she bore,  
And sweets her breath compose.

The beauteous, the beauteous wreath that decks, that decks her head,  
Forms her description, her description true.  
Hands lily white, lips crimson red,  
And cheeks of rosy, rosy hue.

2. Ballad        "Twickenham ferry"

Mrs. Torrance

O hoi ye ho, ho ye ho, who's for the ferry  
(The briar's in bud, the sun going down),  
And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady.  
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.  
The Ferryman's slim and the Ferryman's young,  
And he's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue,  
And he's fresh as a pipin and brown as a berry,  
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.

O hoi ye ho, ho ye ho, I'm for the ferry,  
(The briar's in bud, the sun going down),  
And its late as it is, and I haven't a penny,  
And how shall I get me to Twickenham Town?  
She'd a rose in her bonnet, and Oh, she look'd sweet  
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,  
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry,  
And sure and you're welcome to Twickenham Town.



O hoi ye ho, Ho ! you're too late for the ferry.  
 The briar's in bud, the sun going down,  
 And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady,  
 You'd think t'was a journey to Twickenham Town.  
 O hoi and O ho, you may call as you will  
 The moon is a rising on Petersham Hill,  
 And with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,  
 There's danger in crossing to Twickenham Town.  
 Hoi ye ho, Ho ye ho, Ho ye ho, Ho !

## 3. Duett

Miss Grace Walker and Mr. Michie

## "Beware"

I know a maiden fair to see,  
 Take care ! take care !  
 She can both false and friendly be ;  
 Beware ! beware !  
 Trust her not !  
 She is fooling thee, she is fooling thee.  
 She has two eyes so soft and brown,  
 Take care ! take care !  
 She gives a side glance and looks down ;  
 Beware ! beware !  
 Trust her not !  
 She is fooling thee, she is fooling thee.  
 And she has hair of a golden hue,  
 Take care !  
 And what she says it is not true ;  
 Take care ! beware ! beware !

## 4. Ballad

## "Willie, Boy, Come Home"

Miss Robinson

My heart was almost broken when I heard the people shout,  
 And I could not see for weeping as the ship went sailing out,  
 The white wing'd ship went sailing out across the sunny sea,  
 And it bore away my darling, and he comes no more to me,  
 Oh ! Willie boy, come home, come home, come home,  
 Oh ! Willie boy, come home, come home, come home.  
 O, cold and bright and cruel seem'd the sea and sky that day,  
 When my bonnie blue eyed Willie went sailing far away.  
 He was all I had to love me, the rest were dead and gone,  
 My sailor boy has left me, has left me all alone.  
 Oh ! Willie boy, come home, come home, come home,  
 Oh ! Willie boy, come home, come home, come home.

It is years or only months since I saw his golden head,  
 Is he yet among the living, is he now among the dead,  
 Did the wide cold waters hide him in his blooming happy youth,  
 Oh, I could bear it better if I only knew the truth.  
 Oh ! Willie boy, come home, come home, come home,  
 Oh ! Willie boy, come home, come home, come home.  
 Some times in dreams I see him where the sweet spice islands rise,  
 And storms are hushed for ever in the deep unclouded skies,  
 I see my poor wreck'd Willie stand alone upon the main,  
 Pining, praying for a friendly ship to bear him home again.  
 Will he never come again, shall I never see him more,  
 Never know how all has happen'd till I tread the bless'd shore,  
 I will try to wait with patience, there is One who knows it all,  
 The voice that not in vain, like my weary heart shall call.  
 Oh ! Willie boy, come home, come home, come home,  
 Oh ! Willie boy, come home, come home, come home.

## 5. Sextette - - - "Spinning Maidens"

Mrs. Armstrong, Misses Shanly, Birchall, Parsons,  
 Vankoughnet, Spratt and Morson

Turn my spinning wheel so deftly all the live-long sunny day,  
 While the sun, and birds and flowers call to me, away, away.  
 Little wheel then turn the swiftly, that my work may swift be done,  
 Love me spinning wheel and let me heed the words of flow'rs and sun,  
 Turn then merry, merry spinning wheel  
 At thy side the fleeting moments steal,  
 Turn then merry, merry spinning wheel  
 At thy side the moments steal.  
 Love me merry, merry, merry, merry spinning wheel.

Turn my spinning wheel so deftly when from woodland I return,  
 I will make for thee a garland of the wild rose and the fern.  
 Turn thee then, my wheel, turn lightly, if thou wilt be decked with flowers,  
 For within the west-light shadows come to tell of twilight hours,  
 Turn then merry, merry spinning wheel,  
 At thy side the fleeting moments steal,  
 Turn then merry, merry spinning wheel,  
 At thy side the moments steal.  
 Love me merry, merry, merry, merry spinning wheel.

But my spinning wheel unheeding, slower and more sadly turns,  
 While my heart with sad and tireless longing, for the fields and flowers yearns,  
 Little wheel, o turn thee swiftly, that my work may soon be done,  
 Love me spinning wheel and let me heed the call of flowers and sun,  
 Turn then merry, merry spinning wheel,  
 At thy side the fleeting moments steal,  
 Turn then merry, merry spinning wheel,  
 At thy side the moments steal.  
 Love me merry, merry, merry, merry spinning wheel.

## 6. National Chorus

From "Red White and Blue," "British Grenadiers" and "Rule Britannia."

SOLOISTS—Miss Marie Strong, Mr. A. Cameron, Mr. Michie, and Full Chorus  
 Harmony Club

Old England the gem of the ocean,  
 The home of the brave and the free;  
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion  
 A world offers homage to thee  
 Thy mandates make hero's assemble  
 When liberty's form stands in view,  
 Thy Banners make tyranny tremble  
 When borne by the red white and blue.

CHORUS—

When borne by the red white and blue,  
 When borne by the red white and blue  
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble;  
 When borne by the red white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,  
 And threatn'd the land to deform,  
 The ark then of freedom's foundation  
 Old England rode safe through the storm;  
 With her garlands of vict'ry around her,  
 When so proudly she bore her brave crew,  
 With her flag proudly floating before her,  
 The boast of the red white and blue.

CHORUS—

The wine cup the wine cup bring hither,  
 And fill you it true to the brim,  
 May the wreath's they have won never wither  
 Nor the star of their glory grow dim,  
 May the service united ne'er sever  
 But they to their colour's prove true,  
 The Army and Navy for ever,  
 Three cheer's for the red white and blue.

Some talk of Alexander,  
 And some of Hercules,  
 Of Hector and Lysander,  
 And such great names as these ;  
 But of all the world's brave heroes  
 There's none that can compare  
 With a tow row row row row  
 To the British Grenadier.

When e'er we are commanded  
 To storm the palisades,  
 Our leaders march with fuses,  
 And we with hand grenades ;  
 We throw them from the glacis  
 About the enemies' ears,  
 Sing tow row row row row  
 The British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper,  
 And drink a health to those  
 Who carry caps and pouches,  
 And wear the louped clothes :  
 May they and their commanders  
 Live happy all their years,  
 With a tow row row row row  
 For the British Grenadiers.

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When Britain first at Heav'n's command,  
 Arose from out of an azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sang the strain :  
 Rule, Britannia !  
 Britannia, rule the waves ;  
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall,  
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all ;  
 Rule, Britannia ! etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;  
 As the loud blast, that rends the skies,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.  
 Rule, Britannia ! etc.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down,  
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
 To work *their* woe, and *thy* renown.  
 Rule, Britannia! etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
 Thy cities shall with *commerce* shine;  
 All thine, shall be the subject main,  
 And ev'ry shore it circles *thine*.  
 Rule, Critannia! etc.

The muses, still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;  
 Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
 Rule, Britannia! etc.

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## God Save the Queen

---

God save our gracious Queen,  
 Long may Victoria reign,  
 God save the Queen.  
 Send her victorious,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Long to reign over us,  
 God save the Queen.

O Lord our God arise,  
 Scatter her enemies,  
 And make them fall.  
 Confound their politics,  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
 On Thee our hopes we fix,  
 God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
 On her be pleas'd to pour,  
 Long may she reign.  
 May she defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause,  
 To sing with heart and voice,  
 God save the Queen.

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